

23 July 1984

Dear Mom and Dad,

We scheduled a tennis party last Saturday inviting another couple, Mike Driscoll (who was an officer on my staff in the Med) and Susan Reed. Susan was married about two months ago but she and her husband have already separated. It seems he suffers from severe spells of depression that marriage didn't cure. The weather didn't cooperate; heavy showers all day cancelled tennis and we were forced indoors. Vickie, however, bought some Ping Pong paddles and we enjoyed a tournament anyway. After a swim in the indoor pool everyone was hungry and seemed to appreciate our pasta, salad, and ice cream cake (coffee with a chocolate chip cookie crust!) It also rained most of the day yesterday (Sunday). Today was warm and humid. I ran 9 miles to make up for no running over the weekend. Soon I will leave work to meet Vickie at the Museum of American Art for a lecture.

Vickie's folks called yesterday; they were very pleased that Ken and Debbie are not moving to Seattle after all. It sounded to me that Ken made the same decision as Dick Hull. He is not changing jobs, but may be giving up a chance for promotion.

I'm sure you read about the bridge player kidnapped from the tournament here in Wash DC. Please watch out for any suspicious characters, Mom!

Love,

*Jim*

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